

LA 4965



THE
SEASONS.



BY

JAMES THOMSON.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, over against Catherine-
Street, in the Strand.

MDCCLII.

THE

THE

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102

2102



H. Kent inv. et del.

SPRING.

J. Foundryman Sculp.

SPRING.

VOL. I.

B *sn*

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around veil'd in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
 With innocence and meditation join'd
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
 Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark, 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share

The

S P R I N G.

5

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and fide long lays the glebe.

W H I T E thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground.
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

B E gracious, H E A V E N! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow!
Ye fostering dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* M A R O sung 55
To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refin'd.
In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independant scorn'd 65
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough!
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded! as the sea, 70
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
 O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green*!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the sight dwells 85
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
 Led by the breze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves 90
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till

Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower 110
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely frost; before whose baseful blast
 The full-blown spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,

Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
 Myriads on myriads, insect-armies waft
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course 125
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls:
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

B E patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

T H E north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south

Warms

Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual, sinks the breeze, 155
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every musick wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd,

S P R I N G.

11

Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showry prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A softened shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank

With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolifick rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? Who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
 Of health, and life, and joy? The food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years; unflafh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease; 240
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Mean time the song went round; and dance and sport
 Wisdom and friendly tale, successive stole 250
 Their hours away. While in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And

And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255
Was known among these happy sons of H E A V E N;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For musick held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd 270
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

B U T now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind 275
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
Or

Or impotent, or else approving, fees 280
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290

That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.

Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells; 295

Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.

These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,

Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind

With endless storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 301

Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;

Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,

Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:

At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305

And joyless inhumanity pervades

And

And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the center to the streaming clouds, 315
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms 325
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life. 330
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toft, from hot to cold,
And

And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
 Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man 340
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 345
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven, 355
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
 To

To merit death? you, who have given us milk 360
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the winter's cold? and the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? He, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 365
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds; And that perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
 High H E A V E N forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
 Besides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher life,
 From stage to stage, the *vital scale ascends*?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away; 380
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring, 385
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And

And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch, 390
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

W H E N with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play, 395
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave 400
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow, 405
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap, 410
 Then fix, with gentle twich, the barbed hook:
 Some

Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd, 415
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure 420
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft. 425
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded fun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line; 430
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course 435
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore 439
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

THUS

T H U S pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless langour thro' the deeps;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale 445
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade:
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing, 450
 The founding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Thro' rural scenes; such as the *Mantuan* swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song. 445
 Or catch thy self the landskip, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix 460
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil mind.

B E H O L D yon breathing prospect bids the Muse 465
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint

Like

Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears 470
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays 475
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Y E T tho' successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love; 480
 And thou, A M A N D A, come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 These looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd, 485
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair, 490
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

S E E, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks

The

The latent rill, scarce oozing thro the grafs,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank, 495
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beams. *Arabia* cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul. 500
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye. 505
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul. 510
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green. 515
 Snatch'd thro the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
 Now meets the bending sky: the river now 520
 Dimpling

Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew, 525
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed spring unbofoms every grace:
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes; 530
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves; 535
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red,
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they *break* 540
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;

Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
 To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,
 Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand, 556
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detrued to the root 565
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting muse; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody

Into

S P R I N G.

25

Into my varied verse! while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

W H E N first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;

The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent: Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love;
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They hast away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 630
That NATURE'S *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabrick laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills

Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Tho' the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helps family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential H E A V E N,

Oft,

Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race, 686
And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
Th' unfeeling school boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,

Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe; till wide around the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky:
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,

With

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,

* *The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.*

For ages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765
 In early spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household-kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checkered duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 An arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

W H I L E

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix:
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
 And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes

Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madnefs of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round: fuch is the force
 With which his frantick heart and finews fwell.

Nor undelighted by the boundlefs Spring
 Are the broad monfters of the foaming deep:
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the ftain, and difsonant, to fing
 The cruel raptures of the favage kind:
 How by this flame their native wrath fublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-refounding wafte in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I fing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where fits the fhepherd on the graffy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending fun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in frifkful glee,
 Their frolicks play. And now the fprightly race 835
 Invites them forth; when fwift, the fignal given,
 They ftart away, and fweep the mafsy mound
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,

When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden head;
 And, o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch the wonder of a world! 845

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye curious, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?
 Inspiring GOD! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears:
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts 860
 The brute-creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undefining hearts.
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' insusive force of Spring on Man; 865

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to joyn the general smile
 Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
 Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876
 With warmest beam; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
 Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teaming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world; 885
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race!—In these green days,
 Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks 890
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings

To

To purchase. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces thought, and Contemplation still.
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works, 895
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present D E I T Y, and taste
 The joy of G O D to see a happy world!

T H E S E are the sacred feelings of thy heart, 900
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O L Y T T E L T O N, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' H A G L E Y - P A R K thou strayest;
 Thy *British Tempe!* There along the dale, 905
 With woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade 910
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 916
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro the philosophic world;

Where in bright train continual wonders rise, 920
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage, 925
 BRITANNIA'S weal; how from the venal gulph
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song; 930
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world, 935
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes, 940
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Inimitable happiness! which love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd* few. 945
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around;

And

And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees, 950
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees, 955
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom 960
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves,
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize 965
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts: 970
 Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower, 975
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late, 980
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal blifs,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 986
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on 990
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid; while musick flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce repentance rears 995
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

BUT

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd, 1000
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1006
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought, 1010
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while borne away, 1015
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts, 1020
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost, 1025
Indulging all to love: or on the bank

Thrown,

Thrown, amid drooping lillies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon 1030
 Peeps thro the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve 1035
 To mingle woes with his: or while the world
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page, 1040
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power 1045
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams, 1050
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimick scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd

To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers, 1055
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1060
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad, 1065
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love, 1070
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all 1075
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night 1080
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,

Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 1085
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms 1090
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours, 1095
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1099
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
 For even the sad assurance of his fears
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life 1105
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

BUT

B u t happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1110
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love; 1115
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love 1120
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days: 1125
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated form: 1130
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair 1135

High

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 1140
 Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom. 1145
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, 1150
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss, 1155
 All various Nature pressing on the heart:
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN. 1160
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,

Still

Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads: 1165
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep; 1170
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

The first thing I saw when I stepped
 out of the car was a bright sun
 shining down on the road. The
 air was warm and the ground was
 dry. I had heard that the weather
 was bad, but it was perfect. I
 had heard that the road was bad,
 but it was smooth. I had heard
 that the people were bad, but they
 were friendly. I had heard that
 the food was bad, but it was
 delicious. I had heard that the
 people were bad, but they were
 friendly. I had heard that the food
 was bad, but it was delicious.

I had heard that the people were
 bad, but they were friendly. I
 had heard that the food was bad,
 but it was delicious. I had heard
 that the people were bad, but they
 were friendly. I had heard that the
 food was bad, but it was delicious.

I had heard that the people were
 bad, but they were friendly. I
 had heard that the food was bad,
 but it was delicious. I had heard
 that the people were bad, but they
 were friendly. I had heard that the
 food was bad, but it was delicious.

I had heard that the people were
 bad, but they were friendly. I
 had heard that the food was bad,
 but it was delicious. I had heard
 that the people were bad, but they
 were friendly. I had heard that the
 food was bad, but it was delicious.

I had heard that the people were
 bad, but they were friendly. I
 had heard that the food was bad,
 but it was delicious. I had heard
 that the people were bad, but they
 were friendly. I had heard that the
 food was bad, but it was delicious.

I had heard that the people were
 bad, but they were friendly. I
 had heard that the food was bad,
 but it was delicious. I had heard
 that the people were bad, but they
 were friendly. I had heard that the
 food was bad, but it was delicious.



H. Kent inv. et del.

P. Fourdriner sculp.

SUMMER.

S U M M E R.

VOL. I.

D

The ARGUMENT.

The subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODDINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the sun, refulgent S U M M E R comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:
 He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
 And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning S P R I N G
 Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

H E N C E, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom; 10
 And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

C O M E, *Inspiration!* from thy hermit-seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance

Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

20

AND thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite:
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
 Ey decency chastis'd; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man:
 O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power,
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND;
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

WHEN

W H E N now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day, 45
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 49
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine; 55
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, aukward: while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Musick awakes,
 The native voice of undissembled joy; 60
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

F A L S E L Y luxurious, will not Man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise? 70
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams? 75
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day, 80
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,
 Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
 Of all material beings first, and best! 90
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

S U M M E R.

55

Soul of furrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee? 95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy System rolls entire: from the far bourn
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whose disk 100
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 105
And not as now the green abode, of life;
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam. 110

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons*! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime. 115
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up

A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*, 120
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And softened into joy the surly *Storms*.
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year. 126

NOR to the surface of enliven'd earth,
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep, 130
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain. 136

TH' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee,
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact; that polish'd bright, 140
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,

With

With vain ambition emulate her eyes,
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames, 145
 From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring, 150
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues, 155
 As the fite varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes, the reluctant stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 160
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 165
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,

Unequal far ; great delegated source 170
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM,
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken; 175
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky;
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel 180
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet was every faltering tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;
Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods 185
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial THEE resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page, 190
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Penfive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 201

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse: 205
While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign, 210
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns, 215
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

H O M E, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
 His flock before him stepping to the fold:
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The chearful cottage, then expecting food, 220
 The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
 (That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise. 226
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one 230
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the wasp,
 They starting snap. Nor shall the muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song: 235
 Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire.

W A K 'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink, 240
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,

To

To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent 'can disclose. 245
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout, 250
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task, 255
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese: 260
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

B U T chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd, 165
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.

Near

Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft 270
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress, 276
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

R E S O U N D S the living surface of the ground:
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon; 280
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic eye! 285
 Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when P A R E N T - H E A V E N
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud 290
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone 295

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool 300
Stands mantled o'er with green, invifible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, fooths,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream 305
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming H E A V E N, escape
The groffer eye of Man : for, if the worlds 310
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax 315
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ? 320
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !

A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole. 325
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen 330
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyfs!
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend, 335
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that P O W E R,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd, 340
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on 345
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 350
Healthful, and strong; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands 355
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
'They spread the breathing harvest to the sun, 360
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The ruffet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 365
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook 370
Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,
And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere

Ere the soft fearful people to the flood 375
 Commit their woolly fides. And oft the fwain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farther shore. 380
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow-move the harmless race: where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray, 386
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill; and, tofs'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills. 390
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd,
 Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows
 The shepherds sit, and whet the founding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores, 395
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd,
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls 400
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:

Some

Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand; 405
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along,
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord, 410
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
 What softness in its melancholy face,
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd; 415
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees 420
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence 425
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast;
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays. 430
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the fight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams 435
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound 440
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar; 445
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow, 450
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
 And restless turn, and look around for Night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice

S U M M E R.

69

Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side 445
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without, 460
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd. 465

WELCOME, ye shades! ye bowry thickets, hail!
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring, 470
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
 The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit; 475
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now 480
 Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip 485
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
 Which incompas'd he shakes; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe, 490
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd:
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight 495
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scowr the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon; 500
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFT in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood, 505
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,

Darts

Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts; 511
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire, 515
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd, 521
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
 On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams, 525
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare;
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast, 530
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;

And

And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky, 535
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear 540
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we
" From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
" The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life, 545
" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
" Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd 550
" By noisy folly and discordant vice,
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD.
" Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
" When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard, 555
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade:
" A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,

" On

“ On Contemplation, or the hallow’d ear
 “ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.” 560

AND art thou, *STANLEY, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon!—Tho’ rais’d above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel 565
 A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe:
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir’d: where moral wisdom mildly shone, 570
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow’d,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while 575
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten’d mind and gentle worth.
 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns, 580
 Thro’ endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision wrapt,
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
 VOL. I. E Of

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died
 at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene. 586

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round. 590
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower. 595
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope, 600
 With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars, 605
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower 610
 Responsive,

Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate, 615
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

B E S I D E the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air; 620
 There on that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head
 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant wood bine loads his little thigh. 625

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade.
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd, 630
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

S E E, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air: 635
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,

The *general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world. 639
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and †double seasons pass:
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays: 645
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade
 Here lofty trees, to antient song unknown, 650
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste 655
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

B E A R

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarified air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all places between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year perpendicular, which produces this effect.

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy citron groves; 660
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,,
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit. 665
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd, 670
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine! 675
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells 680
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best *Anâna*, thou the pride
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty coat, 685
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove!*

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 680
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand 685
Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where retired, 690
From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen

But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd, 695
Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies: 700

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL,

* *The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.*

P E A C E F U L, beneath primeval trees, that cast 705
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;
 Or mid the central depth of blackning woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theater around,
 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes! 710
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he
 Of what the never resting race of Men 715
 Project: thrice happy! could he scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray, 720
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

W I D E o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 725
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,

E 4

Array'd

* In all the regions of the torrid zone; the birds,
 tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be
 less melodious than ours.

Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent 730
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While *Philomel* is ours; while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,
 The sober-suited songstrefs trills her lay. 735

But come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds 740
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
 No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming H E A V E N,
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace, 745
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.
 Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay, 750
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,

For

S U M M E R.

81

For many a league; or on stupendous rocks, 755
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks 760
 Securely stray; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear 765
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes 770
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 775
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd; 780
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,

Or silent borne along, heavy, and flow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Mean time, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow, 785
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass 790
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.
 From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm, 795
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading verdure smile around. 800
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along:
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze, 805
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks

From

From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave. 810

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar*; 815
From * *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
On *Indus's* smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land. 820

Nor less thy world, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees, 825
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass 830

E 6

Of

* *The river that runs thro' Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called Fire-Flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.*

† *The river of the Amazons.*

Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like *Plata* to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along, 835
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow, 840
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep, 845
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.

B U T what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurious blifs? 850
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 855
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?

Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines; 890
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers rowl,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach; 865
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 870
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The Parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom 875
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life, 880
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: These court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,

There

There lost. The very brute-creation there 885
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew, 890
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands, 895
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate,
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man, 900
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce, 905
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell. 910
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods

Of

Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand; 915
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear 920
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd,
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again: 925
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Day after day, 930
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds; 935
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,

And

And his continual thro' the tedious night.----
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 940
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And guilty *Cæsar*, *LIBERTY* retir'd,
 Her *CATO* following thro' *Numidian* wilds:
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s gentle plains,
 And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours; 945
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

No R stop the terrors of those regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot, 950
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels, 955
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come; 960
 Till with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan 965

Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded streets,
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, th' aërial tumult swells. 970
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling *Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire *Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens, 975
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy †speck
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow 980
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods. 985
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid

*Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms
or hurricanes known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance
at first no bigger.

Hid in the bosom of the black abyfs.
 With such mad seas the daring * G A M A fought, 990
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape*;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the *Genius*, then, 995
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1000
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death, 1005
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey; demands themselves. 1010
 The

* VASCO DE GAMA, *the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.*

† DON HENRY, *third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.*

The stormy fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

W H E N o'er this world, by equinoctial rains 1015
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1020
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend, 1025
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at *Carthagera* quench'd
The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw 1030
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw,
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore; 1036
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,

The

The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand. 1040

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends? * From *Ethiopia's* poisoned woods,
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields 1045
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death; 1050
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand 1055
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd 1060
 The chearful haunt of Men: unless escap'd

From

*These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of
 the Plague, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant book on that
 Subject.

From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1065
Inhuman, and unwise. The fullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie, 1070
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd. 1075
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to compleat
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death. 1080

MUCH yet remains unfung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame; 1085
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,

And

And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse: 1090
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, flow-settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darknefs broods; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds, 1095
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud, 1100
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns, 1105
 Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes 1110
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scouling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook,

Who

Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast, 1115
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud; 1120
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1125
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1130
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds, 1135
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1139
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,

A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie.
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1145
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1150
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's* peak, 1155
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1160
 Descends the fated flash. Young *CELADON*
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1165
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY

THEY lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish, 1170
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1175
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1180
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.
Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd 1185
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look

On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1195
 " And inward storm! HE, who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice, 1200
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace, 1204
 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb, 1210
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands 1215
 A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign

Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1220
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale. 1225
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky, 1230
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1236
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek 1240
 Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;

While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light 1245
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1250
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1255
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazle copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes 1260
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he 1265
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye, 1270

Or

Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth Thrice happy swain! 1275
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd: 1280
 And, robe'd in loose array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul, 1285
 A delicate refinement, known to few,
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest 1290
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
 The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside 1295
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,

And slender foot, th' inverted filk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone; 1300
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white, 1305
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn? 1310
 'Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild; 1315
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
 'That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil, 1320
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1325
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love

Can

Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank,
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1331
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1335
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the *statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1340
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1345
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted: even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across 1350
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream

Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1355
 Which soon her D A M O N kiss'd with weeping joy.

" Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love
 " Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 " Discreet: the time may come you need not fly." 1360

T H E sun has lost rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1365
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1370
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul; 1375
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns 1380

Virtue,

Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk;
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns, 1385
 The full free concourse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1390
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild 1395
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful **Shene*? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landskip: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send, 1400
 Now to the †*Sister-Hills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1405

F 5

To

**The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon Shining, or Splendor.*

†*Highgate and Hamstead.*

To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1415
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In *Twitnam's* bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God; to royal *Hampton's* pile,
 To *Clermont's* terraced height, and *Essex's* groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd 1420
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!
 O vale of bliss! O sweetly-swelling hills!
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil. 1425

HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays! 1430
 Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,

Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy foil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought; 1435
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd 1440
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art; 1445
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1450
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship finewed, and by danger fir'd, 1455
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside; 1460
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource 1465
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallowed name the virtues saint, 1470
 And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou, 1475
 And *Patrots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor, 1480

A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak 1485
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
 In-RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;
 RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign 1490
 The warrior fettered, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world; 1495
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd, 1500
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A. HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1505
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye

Shall

Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew 1510
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd blood
 With calmest chearfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him 1515
 His friend, the *BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient learning to th' enlightened love
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*; 1520
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his choice;
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear, 1525
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long 1530
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Investigating fure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to H E A V E N again. 1535
 The generous * A S H L E Y thine, the friend of Man;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart. 1540
 Why need I name thy B O Y L E, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great C R E A T O R fought? and why thy L O C K E,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let N E W T O N, *pure Intelligence*, whom G O D 1545
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1550
 Is not wild S H A K E S P E A R thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy M I L T O N met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom 1555
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle S P E N C E R, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground: 1560
 Nor

* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, *Earl of Shaftesbury*.

Nor thee, his antient Master, laughing sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native mannners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud-
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown:

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I, 1565
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white 1570
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1575
 The neck flight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas, 1580
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
 Not to be shook thy self, but all assaults 1585
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*; 1590
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*, 1595
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
 While in the radiant front, superior shines 1600
 That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees, 1605
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot fought the bowers 1610
 Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending nymphs,
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

F O R:

F O R ever running an enchanted round, 1615
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank: 1620
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have chear'd
 A drooping family of modest worth. 1625
 But to the generous still improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;
 To him the long review of order'd life 1630
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

C O N F E S S 'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether softening, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this* 1635
 She sends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper* still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1640
 Sweeping

Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thirsty lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1645
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and cloathe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered feeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves 1650
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
 The beauty whom perhaps his wileless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1655
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley funk, and unfrequented; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell. 1660
 But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold, 1665
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe 1670
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams, 1675
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray 1680
Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot 1685
Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds; 1690
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun defends;

And

And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens, 1695
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts, 1700
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds 1705
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1710
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee, 1715
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that, 1720
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,

New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mafs of low defires, 1725
 That bind the fluttering croud; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of fcience and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the ftarry regions, or th' abyfs,
 To Reafon's and to Fancy's eye display'd: 1730
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of caufes and effects to HIM,
 The world-producing E S S E N C E, who alone
 Poffeffes being; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth, 1735
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier fenfe,
 Diffufive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence P O E T R Y exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page 1740
 With mufic, image, fentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
 Their higheft honour, and their trueft joy!

W I T H O U T thee what were unenlightened Man?
 A favage roaming thro' the woods and wilds, 1745
 In queft of prey; and with th' unfashioned furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,

And

And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tendernefs and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor focial blifs, 1750
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line or dares the wintry pole; 1755
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, fave rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a ftill-revolving train!
 Whofe horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-exiftence worfe: but, taught by thee, 1760
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath 1765
 Of potent heaven, invifible, the fail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evanefcent fpeck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze 1770
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence

'Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns 1775
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
'Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train: 1780
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
'The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfettered, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep. 1785
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
'This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of GOD,
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd, 1790
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN.

VOL. I.

G

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflexions in praise of industry rais'd by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd spring 5
 Put in white promise forth; and summer-suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ON SLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Would from the *Publick Voice* thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,
 Tho' weak of power yet strong in ardent will,

Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

W H E N the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26
 With golden light enlivened wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gayly-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

T H E S E are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power!
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45

And

And all the soft civility of life:
Raifer of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various feeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days 70
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:

His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast; 80
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy filk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

THEN gathering Men their natural powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Publick*; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*; 100

For

For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew 116
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the publick walk
 The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods! 125
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk 130

Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold, 136
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then, too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof; and Luxury within 139
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er 145
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring; 150
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to the autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering song.

Soon

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky, 155
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
 In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil. 160

At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves;
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal and the rural jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away. 165

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick. 170

Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields; 175
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give. 180

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old, 185
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn 190
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare. 195
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all 200
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace 205
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,

Beyond

Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most. 210
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye, 215
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went 220
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted times; 225
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye; 230
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire 235

Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field.
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd. 240

“ WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 “ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 “ Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks, 245
 “ Of old ACASTA's line; and to my mind
 “ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 “ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 “ Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 “ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 250
 “ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 “ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 “ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 “ His aged widow and his daughter live,
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find. 255
 “ Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart, 260
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?

Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears, 265
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ AND art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought, 270
 “ So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
 “ The softened image of my noble friend,
 “ Alive, his every feature, every look,
 “ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root 275
 “ That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 “ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 “ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
 “ Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain, 280
 “ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 “ O let me now, into a richer soil,
 “ Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
 “ And of my garden be the pride, and joy! 285
 “ It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 “ ACASTO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 “ Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,

“ The

“ The father of a country, thus to pick
 “ The very refuse of those harvest-fields, 290
 “ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 “ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 “ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task;
 “ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 “ If to the various blessings which thy house 295
 “ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that blifs,
 “ That dearest blifs, the power of blessing thee!”

HERE ceas’d the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express’d the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love, 300
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais’d.
 Nor waited the reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush’d consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought, 305
 While, pierc’d with anxious thought, she pin’d away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA’S fate;
 Amaz’d, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz’d her wither’d veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours: 310
 Not less enraptur’d than the happy pair;
 Who flourish’d long in tender blifs, and rear’d
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING

D E F E A T I N G oft the labours of the year, 315
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells, 320
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves. 325
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round, 330
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends 335
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
 Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim. 340
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams

Tumultuous

Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes, 346
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once 350
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand, 355
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse, 360
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn, 365
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game*:
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,

Out;

Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey; 370
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more. 375
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
 O'ertakes their founding pinions; and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing, 380
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, -and wheeling various, down the wind.

T H E S E are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees 385
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous game of death;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn; 390
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man;
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power, 395

Inflam'd,

Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage, 400
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare! 405
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern; 410
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes, 415
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
 In scatter'd fullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads

The

The sighing gale, the springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn, 425
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades, 431
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more 435
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood. 440
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing fees 445
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
 Where,

Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides: 450
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil, 455
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest, 460
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

OF this enough. But if the silvan youth
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd up lion, resolute, and slow, 465
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die: 470
 Or,

Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 475
Loose on the nightly Robber of the Fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass 480
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round, 485
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
Far be the spirit of the chace from them! 490
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;

The

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost. 495
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink,
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears; 500
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled, 505
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips; 510
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing Motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page; 515
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,

And

And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make; 520
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life: 525
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains now hasten to the hazel-bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub, 530
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigour crushes down the tree; 535
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair:
MELINDA form'd with every grace compleat,

Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise, 540
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit. 545
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race; 550
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever changing composition mixt.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night, 555
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active points 560
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon Inspirer too,
PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* bard, the second thou

Who

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song; 565
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams 570
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs, 575
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day; 580
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat;
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay. 585
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst

Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open, aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song. 590
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought:
Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb,
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark, 595
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight 600
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 605
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,

Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew. 610
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh. 615
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press 620
 In sparkling Fancy, while we drain the bowl;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd 625
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears 630

The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain: 635
Vanish the woods: the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb, 640
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still 645
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd 650
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smother along the hilly country, these,
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows, 655
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave 660
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way,
 The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind, 665
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along,
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze, 670
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain:
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love
 To take so far a journey to the hills, 675
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil.

Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells, 680
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 'Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees, 685
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs, 690
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss, 695
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load,
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods

From

A U T U M N.

151

From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaüs* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* fullen bounds!
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream!
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil;
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the † *stony girdle* of the world;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;
 O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his founding base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs,

700

705

710

715

H 4

And

† *The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.*

And of the bending * *Mountains of the Moon!*
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth, 720
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,
 I see the rivers in their infant beds! 725
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands, 730
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The guttur'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste. 735
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.

O'er-

* *A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.*

C'erflowing thence, the congregated stores, 740
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus, 745
 Th' exhaling fun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again, 750
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and tofs'd wide around, 755
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire,
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats. 760
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there

They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all. 765

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
 In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day, 770
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay, 775
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
 The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
 Th' ærial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles 780
 Of farthest *Thulé*, and th' *Atlantic* surge
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? What nations come and go?

And.

A U T U M N.

155

And how the living clouds on clouds arise? 783
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell, 790
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse, 795
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge, 800
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood 805
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-stream*,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,

With, silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er *Orcæ's* or *Betubium's* highest peak. 810
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave, 815
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy *WALACE* can attest,
 Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state; 820
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil:
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams, 825
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

O H is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul, 830

To

To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow, 835
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores; 840
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep? 845

Y E S, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees 850
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,

Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field. 855
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age. 860
 Thee, *FORBES*, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd; 865
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crouded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan declining green 870
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave 875
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,

The

The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time, 880
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate croud,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace; 885
And wooe lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the faddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. 890
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, 895
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock,
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye, 900
The gun the music of the coming year

Destroy;

Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still, 905
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove.
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs 910
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams,
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields; 915
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their funny robes resign. Even what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul. 920

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,

The

The softened feature, and the beating heart, 925
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes;
Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
Infuses every tendernefs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought. 930
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd 935
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn 940
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
'Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear; 945
With all the *social Offspring of the heart.*

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;

To

To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk, 950
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-founding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 955
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA fees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE*!
 Not *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore, 960
 E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O PIT, thy country's early boast, 965
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 Or in that †*Temple* where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of

* *The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.*

† *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth 975
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart, 980
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws, 985
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files
Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range, 990
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hosts! When the proud foe
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves, 996

The

The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1000
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1005
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, 1010
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild 1015
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when half blotted from the sky her light, 1020
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;

Or quite extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north 1025
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew, 1030
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the croud,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire; 1035
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din, 1040
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
 Of fallow famine, innundation, storm; 1045
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

Not so the Man of philosophic eye, 1050
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom, 1056
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety
 One universal blot: such the fair power 1060
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimera's huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray, 1065
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss; 1070
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastick blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph:
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
 And plaintive children his return await, 1075
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,

Sent

Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else 1080
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog; 1085
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd, 1090
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd 1095
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust. 1100
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd

Ceasless

Ceasless the burning summer-heats away?
 For this in Autumn searh'd the blooming waste,
 Nor lost one funny gleam? for this sad fate? 1105
 O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return, 1110
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there 1115
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep, 1120
 (As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day, 1125
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.

How

How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd 1130
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
 Now gathered in, beyond the rage of storms, 1135
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1139
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye 1145
 Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil 1150
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE. 1155
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,

Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give, 1160
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppresses him not?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps 1165
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys, 1170
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope: 1175
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1180
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,

And

A U T U M N.

171

And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1185
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ; 1190
 Unfullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain, 1195
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry. 1200
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this through cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile, 1205
 The social sense extinct ; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right, 1210
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,

But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state. 1215
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1220
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape; 1225
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshened soul; her genial hours 1230
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these 1235
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,

And

A U T U M N.

173

And tempts the sickled swain into the field, 1240
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws ; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste, 1245
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
 A friend a book the stealing hours secure, 1250
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns. 1255
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prating children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth 1260
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt, 1265
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,

Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and G o d himself, with Man!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works! 1270
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1275
 Light my blind way: the mineral *Strata* there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought, 1280
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye:
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid 1285
 That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From T H E E begin,
 Dwell all on T H E E, with T H E E conclude my song;
 And let me never never stray from T H E E! 1290

W I N T E R.



H. Kent inv. et del.

P. Foulstunier sculp.

WINTER.

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A Man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
 Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *this first* essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song:
 Since has she rounded the revolving year:

Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted through the summer-blaze to rise;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
 And now among the wintry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
 To suit her founding cadence to the floods;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot; these, the publick hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted year;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot 45

His

His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns. 50
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time, in fable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven 55
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life, 60
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens, 65
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear. 70

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure

Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. 'Th' unfightly plain 75
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love 80
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls,
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade. 85
 Thither the household feathery people croud,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and ~~tale~~ful there
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks, 90
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

W I D E o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along: 95
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,

Calm,

Calm, sluggish, silent; till again constrain'd, 100
 Between two meeting hills it bursts a way,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeul year, 106
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow, 110
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
 In what far-distant region of the sky, 115
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

W H E N from the palid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds 120
 Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air, 125

The

The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 130
 With broadened nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame 135
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
 Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight, 140
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 145
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
 Louds shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 151
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air, 155

Down,

Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine 160
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive, 165
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their head. 170
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round. 175

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils, 180
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs. 185
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eagre, howls the savage blast. 191
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, uttered by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death. 195

H U G E uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's K I N G, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind 200
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
 Then straight air sea and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep, 205
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*,
 And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;

Let

Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life! 210
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past, 215
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice, 220
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!

THE keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north, 225
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering; 'till at last the flakes 231
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,

With

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts 235
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
 Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide 240
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon 245
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man 250
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is: 255
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs, 260

And

And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow. 265

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing 270
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd
The valley to a shining mountain swells, 275
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend, 280
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray; 285
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps,

Stung

Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart! 290
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tast'd cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast, 295
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild,
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost, 300
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils. 305
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man, 310
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out

Into

Into the mingling storm, demand their fire, 315
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold, 320
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth, 325
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood, 330
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup 335
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind, 340
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;

Whence

Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd, 345
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, 350
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm, 355
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual blifs,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous * band, 360
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice. 365
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose every street and public meeting glow

With

* *The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.*

With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed; 370
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways, 375
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light, 380
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men 385
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
 And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract 390
 Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*,
 And wavy *Appenine*, and *Pirenees*,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave! 395

Burning

Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed, 400
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast. 405
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack, 410
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

A M O N G those hilly regions, where embrac'd 416
 In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell;
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all; 421
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,

And

And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd. 425

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves, 430
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit.
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd, 435
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail
The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass 440
Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,
Who firmly stood in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
That *Voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind, 445
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *Wiseſt of Mankind!*
SOLON the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*

A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd 450
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling G R E E C E, and human-kind.
 L Y C U R G U S then, who bow'd beneath the force 455
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at *Thermopylæ* he glorious fell,
 The firm *DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught. 460
 Then A R I S T I D E S lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal 465
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty †*Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears
 C I M O N sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend 470
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the last worthies of declining G R E E C E,
 Late-call'd to glory, in *unequal* times, 475
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast,

T I M O L E O N,

* L E O N I D A S.

† T H E M I S T O C L E S.

TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
 And, equal to the best, the *THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd, 480
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,
 And left a mass of *fordid* lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm; 485
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
 And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt, 490
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train.
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE: 495
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The *gallant* PHILOPEMON; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field. 500

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times

K 2

Which

*PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd
 Her *better Founder* first, the light of R O M E, 505
 N U M A, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
 S E R V I U S the *King*, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread.
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The *P U B L I C F A T H E R who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad. 511
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 C A M I L L U S, only vengeful to her foes.
 F A B R I C I U S, scorner of all-conquering gold;
 And C I N C I N N A T U S, awful from the plough. 515
 Thy †W I L L I N G V I C T I M, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 S C I P I O, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave, 520
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic Shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.
 T U L L Y, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing R O M E. 525
 Unconquer'd C A T O, virtuous in *Extreme*.
 And thou, unhappy B R U T U S, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,

Lifted

*MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

†REGULUS.

Lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy *Friend*.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse 530
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
 'Tis *Phœbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain*! 535
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song! and equal by his side,
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch 540
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your kind! Society divine!
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd, 545
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd, 550
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart: 555
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime 560
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast? That treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? That eager zeal 566
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? That rapture for the Muse, 570
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest sighs thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits,
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass, 575
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND; 580

Its

Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite,
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye. 585
Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse 590
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies, 595
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd, 600
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope, 606
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes

Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent, 610
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train 615
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize;
 Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEAN-TIME the village rouzes up the fire; 620
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native musick, the respondent dance. 631
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,

Hums

Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 635
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink. 640
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes, 645
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns; 650
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh. 655
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous *BEVIL shew'd.

K 5.

O

* *A Character in the* CONSCIOUS LOVERS, *written*
by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill 660
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire,
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy, 665
 Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every *Muse* has in thy train a place) 670
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*, 675
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point,
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects. 680
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud
 BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair, 685

Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And even reluctant party feels a while 690
Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days, 695
Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds 700
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,
In swifter fallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool, 705
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul, 710
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek

Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow; their fullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze, 715
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen, 720
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd, 725
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank 730
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
 The whole imprison'd river growls below,
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects 735
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread

Of

Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain 740
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls, 745
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night: 750
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 'The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook, 755
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks 760
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolicks bent, the youthful swains,
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport 765
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,

Happiest

Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care, 770
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
 On founding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
 The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow, 775
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames, 780
 Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

P U R E, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon; 785
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray;
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow, 790
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,

Worse than the season, desolate the fields; 800
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

BUT what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*; 805
Where, for relentless months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 810
Wide-roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main; 815
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich **Cathay*,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 820
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 825
There,

* *The old Name for China.*

There, warm together prefs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new fallen snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyfs.

The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 830
Nor with the dread of founding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 835
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and sower as the storms increase, 840
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

W I D E o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see *Boötes* urge his tardy wain, 845
A boisterous race, by frosty **Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery funk,
Drove martial †horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless

**The North-West Wind.*

†*The wandering Scythian-Clans.*

Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 851
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 855
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 860
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 865
O'er hill and dale, heap'd in to one expanse
Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 870
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*. 875
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,

By

By small degrees extends the swelling curve ;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 880
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure * *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 885
 And fring'd with roses † *Tenglio* rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their tents repair ;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 890
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland, says—"From this Height
 " we had occasion several times to see those vapours rise
 " from the Lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of
 " the Mountains. We had been frighted with Stories of
 " Bears that haunted this Place, but saw none. It seem'd
 " rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than
 " Bears."

† The same Author observes—"I was surpriz'd to see
 " upon the banks of this river, (the *Tenglio*) Roses of as
 " lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 895
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* lake,
And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,
And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself,
Where failing gradual life at length goes out, 900
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court; 906
And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 910
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 915
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,

Alps.

* *The other Hemisphere.*

Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 920
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 925
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 930
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate, 935
 As with *first* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught, 940
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 945

HARD

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the North-East Passage.

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 950
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous chear,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tendernefs they know; nor aught of life, 955
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 960
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 965
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill submitting sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he raised the *Man*.
 Ye shades of antient heroes, ye who toil'd 970
 Thro' long successive ages to build up

A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power; 975
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And roaming every land, in every port,
 His scepter laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 980
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes!
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless desarts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 985
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltick* roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north, 990
 And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 995
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd.

MUTTERING,

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 1000
Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 1005
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,
That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave— 1010
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1015
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1020
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan

And

And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1025
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever waking* eye, 1030
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done!--dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1035
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life, pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1041
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1045
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1050
 His guide to happiness on high,---And see!

'Tis

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heighten'd form, from pain and death 1055
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1060
 Confounded in the dust, adore that P O W E R,
 And W I S D O M oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1065
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1070
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Embittered all our blifs. Ye good distrest!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1075
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil is no more:
 The storms of W I N T R Y T I M E will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded S P R I N G encircle all.

T H E E N D.

A

H Y M N.

TH E S E, as they change, A L M I G H T Y F A T H E R,
these,

Are but the *varied* G O D. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
T H Y beauty walks, T H Y tendernefs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
'Then comes T H Y glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then T H Y sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10
And oft T H Y voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
T H Y bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful T H O U! with clouds and storms
Around T H E E thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,

Majestic

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'er spreads the Spring:
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine

Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat

Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove; 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray. 95
 Rustlets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, 101
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where HE vital spreads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
 In infinite progression. ——— But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

THE END.

BOOKS Printed for A. MILLAR:

1. **J**Ac. Augusti Thuani historiae sui temporis, 7 vol.
2. The Works of the hon. Robert Boyle, 5 vol.
3. The Works of lord Bacon, 4 vol.
4. The Works of John Locke, Esq; 3 vol.
5. The Prose Works of John Milton, 2 vol.
6. The Oceana, and other Works of James Harrington.

7. N. Bacon, on the Laws and Government of England.

8. The Works of Edmund Ludlow, Esq;

9. Algernon Sidney's Discourses on Government.

N. B. There are a few printed of each on a superfine writing paper, mostly uniform, all in Folio, with considerable Improvements.

10. Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, 2 vol.

11. Dr. Isaac Barrow's Works, 3 vol.

12. An Universal History from the earliest Account of Time, 20 vols. 8vo.

13. Mr. Thomson's Works, in 3 vol. 8vo. Price 15s. and most of his poems, and all his plays single.

14. The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, 4 vol. 12s.

15. The Adventures of Joseph Andrews, 2 vol. 6s.

16. Miscellanies, 3 vol. 8vo. Price bound 15s.

17. An Enquiry into the Cause of the late Increase of Robberies, Price 3s.

The last four by *Henry Fielding*, Esq;

18. The poetical Works of Mr. Mallet, 8vo. 5s.

19. His Life of Lord Bacon, 8vo. Price bound 3s. 6d.

20. A poetical Translation of Horace, 4 vol. by Mr. Francis 12s. in 12mo. one guinea in 8vo. and two guineas in 4to. with cuts.

21. Dr. Young's Night-thoughts, 12mo 3s. in 8vo. 5s.

22. The Adventures of David Simple, 2 vol. 6s.

BOOKS Printed for,

23. Familiar Letters in the Characters of David Simple and others, 2 vol. 8vo. Price 10s.

24. The Governess; or, The little Female academy, 1s. 6d. Another edition of a larger character, Price 2s. 6d.

The last three by a *Sister* of the author of *Tom Jones*.

25. Lord Bolingbrooke's letters, in 8vo. 4s. in 12mo. 3s.

26. Merope. A Tragedy. Acted with great applause, 1s. 6d.

27. Comus. A mask, acted at both Theatres, with great applause, 1s.

28. The secret History of Persia (alias Europe) with the Characters of their Princes, Prime-ministers, &c. 3s.

29. The Lady's Drawing-Room. Being a Picture of the Great World, 3s.

30. Essays Moral, Political and Philosophical. By David Hume, Esq; 2 vol. 6s.

31. Leonora; or Characters drawn from real Life, 2 vol. 6s.

32. Constantia; or a True Picture of Human Life, 2 vol. 6s.

33. The History of Cornelia, 3s.

34. The Adventures of Roderick Random, 2 vol. 6s.

35. The Regicide. A Tragedy, by the same Author. 1s. 6d.

36. The Art of preserving Health. A Poem, in four Books. 1. Air. 2. Diet. 3. Exercise. 4. The Passions. By John Armstrong, M. D. 3d Edit. 8vo.

37. Poems, in 2 vols. 12mo.

38. The Ever-Green; being a Collection of Scots Poems. Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600, in 2 vols. 12mo.

41. The

and Sold by A. MILLAR.

39. The Tea-Table Miscellany: Or, a Collection of Scots Songs, 4 vols.——N. B. The 4th Volume is to be had alone, to compleat the Sets of such as bought the 3 vols.

40. The Mythology and Fables of the Ancients, explained from History. By the Abbé Banier, Member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and the Belles Lettres. Translated from the Original French. This Work is allowed by the best Judges to be the only compleat Treatise on the Subject extant; and to give the Reader a View of what it contains, we have selected the following from amongst many other curious Articles. Vol. I. 1. The Sentiments of the Chaldeans, Phenicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Chinese, Indians, and Americans, concerning the Origin of the World and of the Gods. 2. An Account of the Pagan Theology, especially as delivered by the Poets. 3. An Enquiry into the Origin, Progress and Extent of Idolatry. 4. A particular account of the Pagan Temples, Altars, Sacrifices, Priests, Festivals, Oracles, Divination, and other Appendages of Idolatry, together with a curious History of the Sibyls and Sibylline Verses. 5. An Examination into the Nature of the Gods, Demi-Gods, Genii and Demons; and an accurate Distribution of the Pagan Deities into their several Classes. 6. A particular History of the Gods of the Egyptians, Ethiopians, and Carthaginians, with an Explanation of the various Fables that are blended with those Histories. Vol. II. 1. The History of the Gods of the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Syrians, and Persians, &c. 2. Of the Divinities of the Greeks and Romans, divided into three Classes, viz. the Celestial Gods, the Gods of the Waters, and those of the Earth: The first contains the History of Jupiter, Juno, Saturn, Minerva, Mars, Venus, Vulcan, Mercury, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, &c. together with an Historical explanation of all the Poetical Fables relating to these
several

BOOKS Printed for A. MILLAR.

several Divinities. Under the second Class is the History of Neptune, Amphitrité, Nereus, Proteus, the Nymphs, &c. with a curious Enquiry into the Foundation and Nature of the Worship which was paid to them. The third contains the History of Demogorgon, Cybele, Vesta, Terminus, Flora, the Satyrs, &c. Vol. III. 1. The Notions of the Egyptians, and of the Greek Poets and Philosophers, concerning a future State. 2. A particular Description of the Poetical Hell and Elysian Fields. 3. The History of the Judges of Hell, and of the Infernal Gods. 4. Of the Virtues, Vices, and Passions that were deified. 5. Of the German and Gallick Divinities, and those of Great Britain. 6. The History of the Heroic Age, and of the celebrated Heroes of Antiquity. Vol. IV. The History of the Argonauts, and of the Conquest of the Golden Fleece; with an Account of the Lives of the celebrated Heroes of that Expedition, viz. Hercules, Theseus, Castor and Pollux, Orpheus, &c. 2. The History of the two Theban Wars, and of the Hunting of the Caledonian Boar; with the Lives of the famous Men of that Age, Meleager, Oedipus, Adrastus, Capaneus, Tiresias, &c. 3. The History of the Trojan War, the true Account of its Rise, with the History of the principal Leaders both of the Grecian and Trojan Armies, viz. Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Diomedes, Ulysses, Antenor, Æneas, Idomeneus, &c. 4. An Explanation of some Fables that stand by themselves, viz. of Progne and Philomela, of Narcissus and Echo, of Pyramus and Thisbe, Byblis and Caunus. To all which is added, an Account of the Games of Greece and Rome, their Foundation, their various Kinds, the Motives of their Institution. The Quotations from the several antient Poets are given, as translated by the most eminent among the English, some of which Versions never appeared in Print before. To the whole is added, a compleat Index of Persons and Things.



L. A.

Thomson



15

Thomson, James

The seasons

London 1752

Augsburg, Staats- und Stadtbibliothek -- LA 4965

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11258715-6